

The Typewriters' Parade.

Noon Visions of Youth and Beauty Downtown.

There are simple-minded folk outside of New York who believe that the only parade of youth and beauty and fine clothes is the one that takes place on Fifth avenue.

Broadway typewriter damsel at noon. If there is one thing that that same typewriter damsel does more than anything else, it is to make a girl almost make up.



that New York knows is a legendary ceremony of Easter Sunday afternoon on Fifth avenue. The Easter parade cannot touch the typewriter parade of lower Broadway that forms every afternoon at 12:30 and continues with gathering and bewildering increase in numbers and beauty and alluring ways for nearly two hours.

Consider, now, that every one of those big buildings that you see from the Jersey ferryboats rising like a section of honeycomb out of the waterline is full of offices of one and two or three rooms each. Consider that in almost every one of those offices there is a young woman sitting away at the keys of a typewriter, that in many there are several young women.

Consider that many of these young women are pretty and that they are working for clothes that will prove to some available young man just how pretty they are. Consider that all of the thousands in all of these thousands of offices are turned loose to make havoc of the susceptible hearts of lower Broadway each day under the feeble pretense that they are going out for their lunch.

It is monstrous to think that mere food could have anything to do with the appearance on Broadway of so much gayety and archness and adorable plumpness and altogether provoking dignity.

Where the girls are there are also the young and handsome of men. It is in-

And the smiles—why, of course, each girl intends all of them for the other girl! Either of them will say so, if asked. Nobody could be more indignant, with a lip-bitten smile of reserve, when the inquiry is made by a not unattractive young stranger, who is apparently delayed beside them in the crush.

Then, again, if one is in the habit of smiling very much at the same time every day on the same strip of sidewalk, is it altogether surprising that one should smile unconsciously when one's companion isn't alone, perhaps because she has gone to lunch with the head of the firm to have the particular importance of a certain set of papers explained to her? If at such a time a youthful managing clerk should stop dreaming of his ambitions to achieve the Supreme Court bench or the chairmanship of the Stock Exchange long enough to misinterpret such a smile—is it a matter for self-accusation or regret?

If the young woman of lower Broadway ever troubled her dainty head with reflections and self-examinations, these are the thoughts that might come to her. But what need is there for any bother on such unprofitable topics, when one has all New York for a chaperon and only an hour away from the click and cling of the typewriter keys and bell.

Moreover, one's employer is occasionally mean enough to send one out with a note instead of ringing for a messenger. Standing on the dignity of the profession, one might very well rebel.

But if the errand leads to the office of the private secretary of a railroad, and if he is just going out to lunch himself and is a bare-faced villain enough to say so and to ask where one usually lunches—there are compensations about message-carrying after all.

Of course there is another side to all this. There are some perfectly horrid things about the lower Broadway parade that make a girl almost make up.

And if he doesn't run along, then something has got to break. Either his little heart or somebody's dignity is bound to fall by the wayside.

The sad experience of him who delivers pink and yellow slips through pigeon holes in brokers' offices and goes back to his own office by way of Broadway is that it is usually the heart that breaks. And after many years of earnest experiment he is sure that there is no heart at all behind the delicious, snub-nosed typewriter smile of lower Broadway's parade.

But this discussion isn't about that sort of girl at all. It is about the girl who would rather drink her glass of milk in the quick-lunch place along with six or seven other girls, and then go out on Broadway to see what there is to see and to be seen. She is merry and she is happy and she is always ready to smile. May her smile never grow less!

It is a wonderful thing, that lower Broadway smile. It means so much without meaning anything at all.

It radiates warmth and a glow of comfort.

MADE WILL BY TELEPHONE.

Courts Now to Decide Whether Mutschler's Testament is Valid.

ROCHESTER, Oct. 25.—Whether a man can make his will by telephone is to be tested in the courts of this county. So far as is known the courts have not decided the point before. So Adolph Wiseman, who is contesting the will of his uncle, Herman A. Mutschler, is to have a chance to establish some new principles of business.

Mutschler's property, consisting of about \$110,000 in realty, is situated in this city. He was advanced in years. His best friend was his aged housekeeper, and it was believed that he would leave everything he had to her.

The death of Mr. Mutschler occurred in a peculiar way. He had gone to visit a friend at Akron, Ohio. There he was taken ill, and was confined to his bed. As it was not thought that the attack was serious he was left alone in the day. That was on August 21st, when his friend returned, Mutschler was lying dead on the floor. He had apparently risen from bed, and was trying to get back again when he fell.

The next day an attorney came to the house and told of a peculiar telephone message he had received the day before. "I was at work in my office," said he, "and was called to the telephone by my stenographer, who said a man very much excited wanted to talk with me."

"I went to the phone, and was startled by what the man told me. He said he was Herman A. Mutschler, that he was alone in a house, and that he was dying. He said he was not a resident of Akron, and gave his age as 72."

"I've made no will, and I want to dispose of my property before I pass away," he almost whispered through the phone. "I told him I would come to the house at once."

"No, no," he shouted. "Before you get here I will be dead."

"The man then said, 'I want to give all my property situated in Rochester to my housekeeper, Emma Grant. This is my last will and testament. See to it that my wish is carried out. Good-bye.'"

There was a peculiar sound in the telephone, as though the person at the other end was trying to say something. I called again and again, but there was no reply.

Reflection made me think that perhaps the man was insane and that there was nothing to it, and I decided not to look up the matter until next day.

It was apparent that Mutschler finding that he was very ill and that the attack was coming on would probably end his life before he could talk face to face with anybody, hurried to the telephone and called up the first attorney he could learn about.

The question then presented itself whether Mr. Mutschler's telephone communication would stand as a valid will. Instances are on record of people who by word of mouth were able to dispose of their estates. Whether the same principle applies here has yet to be decided. When the telephone will is offered for probate, Wiseman, who, so far as is known, is Mutschler's only relative, will offer objections to it.

EVERYTHING UNDER ONE ROOF.

Discovery of a Man From Up the State in a City Hotel.

"I never appreciated the completeness of your big hotels," said the traveler from up the State, "so much as this trip."

"I got in about 7 one night and went to one of them. I had to get into my evening clothes in a hurry and hustle to keep an appointment."

"I'd just begun to get ready when I discovered that I couldn't open my trunk. Something was wrong with the lock and I thought I was up against it for fair."

"On general principles, I left the burden for a bellboy and told my troubles."

"He that said 'I'll send the locksmith up in a minute.'"

"Do you keep a locksmith on all the time?" I asked.

"Sure," he says.

"In about five minutes a man floated in with an outfit that would have opened a burglar-proof vault. He had the trunk open while I was taking off my coat and vest."

"But that wasn't all. He had to take the lock off, so I said:

"Where'll I send him to now so I can get a new lock on in a hurry tomorrow?"

"Send it out," he says. "You don't need to. I'm only the night locksmith, and I haven't got all the tools handy, but if you'll send for the day locksmith in the morning he'll put a new lock on it for you in a few minutes."

"And he did. Maybe that's nothing new for you New Yorkers, but to a man from a cross-roads village like Rochester, it seemed about the limit on having everything under one roof."

her mind that she will take to Nassau street or Battery Park tomorrow.

The sidewalk is so crowded that a great many people have a chance to take a very intimate interest in what is none of their business. And when one is very much taken up in listening to the ideas on comic

A FAVORITE WITH THE FIRM.



GOOD-BY, LITTLE BOY, RUN ALONG.



THE LOWER BROADWAY SMILE.

deed a cold and stony young man who could resist the impulse to go out and look upon the gleaming smiles of the lower

is almost as pretty as she, except that somehow when she is a blonde the friend she chooses is a brunette, or vice versa.

sporn of a young man one has known for a whole week and a half it is certainly uncomfortable and disgusting to hear a

when it shoots but from under an umbrella in the gloomiest of rain storms. It invites a returning smile and forbids a word. It says, "Yes, I know I'm nice, and I know you think I'm nice. Goodby, little boy, run along."



TEN MINUTES FOR LUNCH, FIFTY FOR THIS.

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THE STORY OF FAN-FAN, THE FAIRY.

A Poor Peasant, a Good King and a Tax Gatherer Who Got What He Deserved.

Why the King looked with favor upon such a man as Abe of Hassan no one could tell.

The King was merciful and just, and wished his subjects to be content. Hassan was cruel and selfish and cared nothing for the complaints of the people.

He was the King's taxgatherer, and no matter how poor the crops or what misfortune had overtaken a man Hassan demanded the full payment of his taxes and punished him if he did not pay.

But he took care that none of the complaints of the people reached the ears of the King, and the people were helpless against him.

One of the King's subjects was named Abe. He was a peasant, or small farmer, and when a good season came he had barley and potatoes and lay to sell.

His wife worked with him in the fields, and they worked very hard. Never had Abe been behind in his taxes, although there were times when it took his last penny to pay them. He knew what would happen to him if he did not, and he always lived in fear.

At last, in this past summer, when it rained almost every day, there was not enough sunshine to make the crops grow.

Abe and his wife worked harder than ever, but it was no use. The seeds rotted in the ground and the hayfield was flooded, and when the taxgatherer came around and asked for his money Abe had to reply:

"You see how it is. I have raised no crops, and so I have nothing to sell. I don't know how I am to get enough to eat, let alone paying taxes."

"You know the law," said Hassan. "The law says you must pay your taxes by a certain date or stand punishment. Give me the money."

"But I haven't got it," answered Abe. "Can I have money when I have nothing to sell?"

"I care not for that. If the money is not forthcoming you shall be tied up and flogged."

"Have you no mercy on one who has met with misfortune? It is not because I have been idle, but because of the bad weather. Next year I may be able to pay you double."

"Seize him and tie him up!" commanded Hassan to his attendants, and it was done.

"It is a shame to punish my husband when he is not to blame," said Abe's wife as her tears fell.

Her words made Hassan so angry that he ordered her to be tied up and flogged as well. The whip was about to be laid on her back when a voice cried out:

"Hold! Why are this man and this woman to be flogged?"

Everybody looked around at the words and from out of the current bushes walked Fan-Fan the fairy. No one knew her, but all supposed she was the child of a traveler.

"It is nothing to you what happens," said Hassan as he waved her away. "If you have come from the city and are lost I will send a servant to guide you home."

"I thank you," replied Fan-Fan, "but I am not lost. Why are you going to whip those poor people?"

"Because they have not paid their taxes."

"But how could they pay? Can you not see for yourself that they have no crops? There is neither barley, hay nor potatoes here. There has been too much rain and not enough sunshine."

"That makes no difference to me," said Hassan. "The King needs money, and I must get it for him. Abe must pay me or both of them shall be flogged."

"You are a cruel, unmerciful man!" exclaimed Fan-Fan. "I do not believe the King would permit you to do this if he knew of it."

"You had better go and tell him and see," sneered Hassan. "I know what I am about, and again I tell you to go away."

"I will see the King sure enough, but I will not have to go to him. I will bring him here. Behold his Majesty."

Fan-Fan waved her arms about her head

and in a moment the King came riding up and called out:

"What now? Why are these people tied up?"

"Oh, King," said Fan-Fan, as she went closer to him. "You know what the season has been. This poor man and his wife have worked hard, but they have no crops to sell, and cannot pay their taxes. Hassan would flog them because they cannot pay."

"Kil! What?" exclaimed the King. "I know it is a bad year, and it is my order that one who cannot pay need not. It is a cruel thing you would have done, Hassan. Since the increase in the number of Japanese students has been marked."

Of the twenty Japanese students nine are taking a course of philosophy, ten are making a specialty of political economy and two are students of Biblical literature. In the last three years the political economy department has seen a large increase in the number of Japanese students.

The Japanese students are nearly all graduates of universities and colleges in their own country. The Imperial University of Japan, Doshisha College, and Keiojiku University all have representatives here. Several of the men have taken degrees from American universities. The Japanese students form a little colony by themselves.

Turkey has one representative in the graduate department. Dr. Manderian Gahar, a graduate of the University of Constantinople, is a graduate of the University of the class of '88. He is working for a degree. This is his first year at Yale.

Lore Johan, a Swedish student, came to Yale this year from Sweden. A large number of men come from the universities of America to take courses here. Nearly all of the big colleges there have representatives in the student body.

Acadia University in Nova Scotia sends the largest number of men here. At present there are eleven students here from that institution. They are either taking graduate or undergraduate work. The Rev. George B. Cutten, star football player of a few years ago, was a graduate of Acadia, and through his influence many of his friends have come to New Haven to study.

One student, coming from Asia Minor, Johannes Gabriel Struppolos, whose home is in Talos, Asia Minor, has been studying here for the past three years.

There are a number of foreign-born and foreign students in the freshmen and the cadet department. Dr. Daskiloff comes from Kavadar, Macedonia. He spent these years at Williamstown, Seminary, East Hampton, and entered Yale this fall.

James Arthur Harley is the only native of the British West Indies in the university. His home is in Antigua. Although he has been in New Haven only a few weeks he has already become a familiar figure. At present he is playing the organ and conducting the music at one of the churches.

There are always one or more Armenians in the university, and the entering class this year has one. He is Mathew Vignos Nahigian and he comes from Harpoot. The Armenians are always among the highest students of the college.

Allen S. Malcolm, Yale '08, was born in Melbourne, Australia. Robert E. Chandler, Yale '04, was born at Bataagund, South India. Gardner A. Richardson, Yale '06, comes to Yale from Athens, Greece. His father is director of the American School of Archaeology at Athens.

JAPANESE FAIR YALE.

Twenty of Them Studying There This Year—Other Foreign Students.

NEW HAVEN, Oct. 18.—Yale has more foreign students this year than ever before in the history of the university. Among them are twenty Japanese.

Yale has always been a favorite college with the Japanese. Besides that, two years ago Prof. George Trumbull Ladd, head of the department of moral philosophy and metaphysics at Yale, lectured in Japan, since the increase in the number of Japanese students has been marked.

Of the twenty Japanese students nine are taking a course of philosophy, ten are making a specialty of political economy and two are students of Biblical literature. In the last three years the political economy department has seen a large increase in the number of Japanese students.

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Omega Oil

For Cold in Chest

First the nose is stopped up. Then you sneeze. Your eyes become red and watery. The throat gets dry and sore. You feel chilly and weak. That is the way a cold comes on. Then it goes down lower, and you say it has "settled on your chest." In other words, the delicate mucous membrane of the breathing organs has become sore and inflamed. The trouble started in your nose, went down to the throat and then on to the lungs.

It is dangerous to have any kind of lung trouble. So you had better not neglect a cold in the chest. Rub the chest thoroughly with Omega Oil. Put more of the Oil on a flannel cloth and lay it on the chest over night. Stay in the house and take care of yourself. You cannot get at your lungs by swallowing medicines into your stomach. You must go at it from the outside by rubbing Omega Oil in through the pores. This is common sense truth, and many people who have tried Omega Oil will tell you it does just what we say.



Omega Oil cured me of a bad cold in the chest. I suffered awful and thought I was going to have pneumonia. I have used it in my family for all sorts of aches and pains, and consider it as much of a household necessity as bread and meat.

Mrs. J. A. BISHOP, 218 West 127th St., N. Y. City.

Omega Oil is good for everything a liniment ought to be good for.